

The Grateful Non-Conformist ;

OR,

A RETURN of THANKS

To Sir JOHN BABER Knight, and Doctor of Physick
who sent the AUTHOR Ten Crowns.

Ten Crowns at once! and to one man! and he
As despicable as bad Poets be!
Who scarce had wit, if you requir'd the same,
To make an *Anagram* upon your name;
Or to out-run a *Badger*, or prepare
An *Epitaph* to serve a *Quinborough-May'r*:
A *limping-Levite*, who scarce in his prime
Could woo an *Abigail*, or say *Grace in Rime*:
Ten Crowns to such a thing! Friend, 'tis a Dose
Able to raise dead *Ben*, or *Dav'nant's Nose*:
Able to make a *Courtier* turn a *Friend*,
And more then all of them in *Victuals* spend.
This free Free-Parliament, whose Gifts do sound
Full *five and twenty hundred thousand pound*,
You have out-done them, Sir; yours was *your own*,
And some of *It* shall last when *Theirs* is gone.
Ten Crowns at once! and now at such a time,
When love to such as I am, is a *Crime*
Greater than his recorded in *Jane Shore*,
Who gave but one poor *Loaf* to the *starv'd Whore*:
What now to help a *Non-Conformist*! now,
When *Ministers* are broke, that will not bow:
When 'tis to be *unblest*, to be *ungirt*:
To wear no *Surplice*, does deserve no *Shirt*:
No *Broth*, no *Meat*; no *Service*, no *Protection*:
No *Cross*, no *Coyne*; no *Collect*, no *Collection*:
You are a *daring Knight*, thus to be kind:
If *trusty Roger* get it in the *Wind*,
He'll smell a *Plot*, a *Presbyterian Plot*,
Especially for what you gave the [*Scot*:]
And if the *Spiritual Court* take fire from *Crack*,
They'll clap a *Parritor* upon your Back,
Shall make you shrug, as if you wore the Collar
Of a *Cashiered Red-Coat*, or *poor Scholar*.
What will you plead, Sir, if they put you to 't?
Was it the *Doctor* or the *Knight* did do 't?
Did you, as *Doctor*, flux some *Usurer*,
And with your *Physick* his dull *Silver* stir?
Or did your Zeal you a *Knight-Templar* make,
To give the *Church* the *Booties* you should take?
Or, was it your desire to beg Applause,
Or shew affection to the *GOOD OLD CAUSE*?
Was't to feed *Faction*, or uphold the stickle
Between the *Old Church* and *New Conventicle*?
No, none of these; but I have hit the thing,
It was because *You knew I lov'd the King*.

Ten Crowns at once! Sir, you'l suspected be
For no good *Protestant*, you are so free:
So much at once! Sure you ne'er gave before;
Or else, I doubt, mean to do so no more:
This is enough to make a man protest
Religio Medici to be the best.
The *Christians* for whose sakes we are undone,
Would have cry'd out, O'tis too much for one

Either to give or take! What needs this waste?
O how they love to have us keep a *Fast*!
Five private Meetings (whereat each four Men
In *black Coats* and *white Caps* (you'l call them then
A Team of Ministers) have tugg'd all day,
Deserving *Provender*, but scarce got *Hay*:
Where I my self have drawn my part some hours)
Have not afforded such return as yours.
I'd wish them watch, and keep me sober still;
Not want of guilt in them, nor want of Will
In me, but want of *Wine* does make me lame,
Or else I'd sacrifice them to the flame
Of an high-blazing *Satyr*: here's a Man
Who ne'er pretended at your Rates, yet can
More freely feed us with *Coyne* and good *Dishes* *Wine*.
Than they, yet that's their *Alms*, *highs* and *wishes*.
O for a *Rapture*! how shall I describe
The love of thousands to their *Reading Tribe*?
Who so maintain'd them when they lost their *Places*,
They did not lose one *Pimple* from their *Faces*:
But after all, full fraught with *Flesh* and *Flagon*,
Came forth like *Monks*, or *Priests* of *Bell and Dragon*:
One would have judg'd, by their high looks and smells,
They had *layn-in* in *Cellars*, not in *Cells*:
Where they grew big and batten'd: for without doubt
Some that went *Firkins* in, came *Hogheads* out.
But ours in two years time are *Skin* and *Bones*,
And look like *Granbams*, or old *Apple-Johns*:
One *Lazarus* amongst us was too much;
But er't be long, we all shall look like such;
And when that comes to pass, the World shall see
Who are the *Ghostly Fathers*, They or We:
And then our *Bellies*, without better fare,
Will prove as *empty* as their *Noddles* are.
Though We be *silent*, our *Guts* won't be so;
But make a *Conventicle* as they go:
Peace, *Colon*, *peace*, and cease thy croaking din;
Thou art condemn'd to be a *Chitterlin*.
Niggardly Puritans! blush at the odds
Betwixt their *BONNER's*, and our *meagre DOD's*:
You give your Drink in *Thimbles*, they in *Bowls*:
Your *Church* is *poor St. Faiths*, but theirs is *POWLS*:
And whilst you *Puritans* do despise,
Your selves prove *Puritans*, and we your *Sacrifice*.
But why do I permit my *Muse* to whine?
I wish my *Brethren* all such *Cheeks* as mine;
And those that wish them well, such *Hearts* as thine.
My Noble *BABER*! I have chosen you
For my *Physician*, and my *Champion* too:
Give me sometimes but such a *Dose*, and I
Will ne'er wish other *Cordial* till I die:
And then proclaim you a most *Valiant Knight*:
Shew but such *Metal*, though you never fight.
F I N I S.

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[Dr. Jo. Wild qu.]